THE FORGOTTEN WOUND

BAGHUZ

EXPERIENCES OF BAGHUZ RECALLED AND WRITTEN BY A MUHAJIRAH OF THE ISLAMIC STATE

"WORSHIPPERS WILL SURELY BE EXPOSED TO TRIALS AND HARDSHIPS, THIS IS THE PRICE OF WORSHIP, THE PRICE OF AQEEDAH, AND THE PRICE OF FAITH."

SAYYID QUTB رحمه الله

بسم الله،
الحمدالله و الصلاة و السلام على رسول الله

Allah says in surah An-Nisa' 4:84

فَقَٰتِلْ فِى سَبِيلِ ٱللَّهِ لَا تُكَلَّفُ إِلَّا نَفْسَكَ ۚ وَحَرِّضِ ٱلْمُؤْمِنِينَ ۖ عَسَى ٱللَّهُ أَن يَكُفَّ بَأْسَ ٱلَّذِينَ كَفَرُوا۟ ۗ وَٱللَّهُ أَشَدُّ بَأْسًا وَأَشَدُّ تَنكِيلًا

So fight, [O Muhammad], in the cause of Allah ; you are not held responsible except for yourself. And encourage the believers [to join you] that perhaps Allah will restrain the [military] might of those who disbelieve. And Allah is greater in might and stronger in [exemplary] punishment.

Allah said,

وَحَرِّضِ الْمُؤْمِنِينَ

and incite the believers,
to fight, by encouraging them and strengthening their resolve in this regard.

For instance, the Prophet said to the believers at the battle of Badr, while organizing their lines,

قُومُوا إِلى جَنَّةٍ عَرْضُهَا السَّموَاتُ وَالأَرْض

Stand up and march forth to a Paradise, as wide as the heavens and Earth.

"Whoever knows that his deen is more valuable than what he has, it becomes easy for him everything he gives up for the sake of it's victory".

"من علم أن دينه أغلى ما لديه ;
هان عليه كل ما يبذله في سبيل نصرته"

so I share these experiences and stories about the lions and pearls who lived in the blessed lands and contributed to establishing, protecting and defending shar3Allah.

so that perhaps, it would benefit our hearts and strengthen our imaan, increase our yaqeen and make us firm in our trust in Allah. And I hope that even just one person reads these reminders and goes forth to sacrifice for Allah.

May Allah help us to reach the ranks of the righteous and make us of those who attain the great achievement: shahada for His Sake.

Baghouz camp

AL-BAGHOUZ MEMORIES

After the airstrikes and mortars and several types of bombs and bullets from the ac10's, ac130's, b52's and drones would smash the streets in the first part of baghuz, everyone continued to tend to their needs and children as much as we could in the suffocating siege. Many sisters lived in crowded masajid and there were a handful of houses that were also crowded with people sleeping in almost every inch of the floors from the entrances to every corner of the houses. And those who could not find a spot to sleep in those masajid and houses, would sleep in tents and trenches outside. We had our usual routine: wake up,

check our children if they had leaked pee and poo out of their cloth nappies which they inevitably did every day and we would have to remove their soaked plastic bag that was tied around their legs and waist leaving red scars and marks, then we would remove the cloth which was also soaked in poo and pee and we would take the children in the bathroom in the house we stayed in which was shared by people inside the house with all their kids and also people who would come in and out of the house from outside.

so it was a nightmare in the toilets, everyday it would be blocked with faeces. every time I would have to wash my son, I would place my hand on his backside to clean him and feel all the bubbles and sores and rashes caused by the cloth nappy and he would cry out of pain which would put a knot in my throat. but there was no choice.

it was so cold and he hadn't fully understood potty training before we had to go from one place to another constantly on the run and I had a shortage of clothing so it was either I run out of clothes for him to wear because he would have accidents and it would take long for clothes to dry or there would be a shortage of water or he suffers from burning rashes and I am able to preserve his clothes but just wash the clothe diapers he would wear. after washing him,

I would go to the souk in the little field souk that had a bunch of people who would come with whatever they had and sell it at ridiculous prices,
 one small piece of bread was 1000 lira and a cup of tea with a teaspoon of sugar was 500 lira and dates were like 50$.

 this was in the beginning of baghuz. the prices went higher in the end. if there was a person selling a kilo bag of rice everyone would hover over them and push and shove until he has sold it to one person for perhaps 50$.
and this was the case with other types of food also, bulgur, a can of tomato paste, a can of hummus..

once in a while someone would come to sell a handful of nappies one costing 1000 lira and more.. many things sold like as if we were at an auction except there was no negotiating prices.. the prices were already set at high and everyone would huddle around the sellers until someone who has enough money would buy it.

some people would not even go to the souk simply because they didnt have any money to buy anything and if they did have anything, it was too little to buy anything that was sold at the souk. so others including mujahid33n who had families and widows whoever did not have the means to buy anything would wait for hand outs of milk powder and small cooked food bags from the state's general storage of food.
The free small cooked food bags were soupy meals like any meals we were all having if we were buying our own ingredients because we had to make more out of the little we had in order to be full enough to have energy. The state's kitchen did not have enough food to make meal bags full of food as they had to distribute between thousands of mujahideen

وَلَنَبْلُوَنَّكُم بِشَىْءٍ مِّنَ ٱلْخَوْفِ وَٱلْجُوعِ وَنَقْصٍ مِّنَ ٱلْأَمْوَٰلِ وَٱلْأَنفُسِ وَٱلثَّمَرَٰتِ ۗ وَبَشِّرِ ٱلصَّٰبِرِينَ"Al-Baqarah 2:155
"

"And We will surely test you with something of fear and hunger and a loss of wealth and lives and fruits, but give good tidings to the patient,"

and women and children. So perhaps one of the days it would be a bag of barley soup with 85% soup water and 15% barley grains or on another day it would be that ratio just with lentil grains instead and perhaps a few tiny pinches of meat pieces here and there.

Alhamdulillah for what we had before and what we had then and what we have now. Allah is The Best of Providers. That soupy small handful of lentils or barley was like gold. And just enough to keep us going as much as we could. We learned then very well that we eat to live and carry on in our journey to Allah and don't live to eat. We craved for the food of Jannah and lost appetite for the worldly things. Even when we actually came out of baghuz in the end and were able to eat all the foods that we didn't have access to for months, the taste was not how one expected. There was no joy or delight in indulging in anything anymore. Because our bodies reached levels of hunger until they realised the food of this dunya will never quite quench or satisfy the needs of the soul.

after coming home from the souk after perhaps an hour of searching for food I would be able to afford for me and my son and also trying to buy it from the seller while everyone would huddle around to be the one to purchase first because everyone was desperate for food for themselves..

which usually I wouldnt be able to do because the crowds would be too big and of course the person closest and first to reach the seller would get the item. with whatever I had,

whether it was a few pieces of bread or few small skinny "kebab" sandwiches which I think were just tiny bits of fat browned on a bbq and wrapped up in some honta (barley) bread with stalks sticking out of the bread which would scratch down your throat as you eat and then later scrape through your belly and intestines and give immense pain from the difficulty of digesting because it is food which is usually given to horses. it was too much fiber intake.

I would come back to the house to feed my son breakfast which would be past the time of dhur, late afternoon almost and we would hear bombs. only a short while after to hear fulana got injured and fulanas child got killed and so on and so forth. every day it was another person's husband, wife, sister, brother, father, mother, children..

after a night of hearing crackling and crumbling of buildings getting bombed and screams.. the next day we were told that we would have to leave the area and go towards the last part of baghuz. where some people had already made tents and trenches for themselves to live in with their families by the river and the mountain and on the streets.

we got dressed in our libas shar3i and grabbed our guns and kids with our bags and jumped onto the back of a crammed truck and that was it. this was nothing new, to just pack up and leave. we had been doing so for the past 2 or 3 months since we lived in kishma. the brothers had their own families also to evacuate but may Allah reward them they recognized their duties were not only to their families but to the other helpless sisters who needed to evacuate so they drove us along with their families to .the last areas of baghuz

we arrived to see many brothers and sisters children out in open space digging trenches trying to be quick before night falls so that they had a place to sleep. many just resorted to placing mattresses on the bare grass or sandy ground and just sleeping directly outside.

me and a few sisters tried to dig our own trench but we had no knowledge of what place was good to dig in and how even a trench should be dug and built. one sister among us had borrowed a wheelbarrow from someone and another would dig the ground with her hand and I would dig with the shovel and with this we would rotate. but after a short while it was coming to nothing and time was going fast.

my weak arms could not even lift the shovel up and down let alone dig an entire trench. my head felt like it was going round in circles and the thirst and hunger was sending pangs of pain throughout my entire body. I gave up and cried and asked Allah for help.

it was becoming close to maghrib and the skies were orangey purple.. we places our mattresses down in front of a house which was filled with people sleeping near the stairs and the sides and behind and we prepared the blankets to sleep.

many of us in the state had a common thikr to say because of the situation. hasbiAllah wa Ni3mal Wakeel. when you walk past people, you hear them saying it. everything was so tight and difficult and it felt like the world was caving in on us and we realised truly, Allah is Sufficient for us and He is The Best Disposer of Affairs. so I made tayammum and I prayed maghrib joining isha with it because of the possibility we may be on the run again any moment..

and I looked around me to see many make shift DIY tents and trenches some dug fully and some incomplete but it was too late and dark to continue digging and I saw small lit fires for people to cook and be warm..

it reminded me of the seerah of the Prophet salAllahu alaihi wa salam when the sahaba were in a siege with him for 3 years and the people were hungry, tired, weak, encircled by the enemies of islam and the mothers would be running out of breastmilk for their malnourished children.

it was exactly how I had imagined it to be like when I read the seerah. and I thought subhanAllah.

indeed Allah repeats the tests and trials for the believers among the generations and indeed the Promise of Allah is True. and if we are to be tested like the righteous before us, surely bi ithnillah we will also reap the rewards and the victories that came after the tests. if not in this dunya,

then in Akhira it came to a point where we went from having everything to nothing almost, and this is the reality of the dunya. it presents to you beauty but it doesnt last.

the muaddhin called for salatul isha and we were lying in the mattresses we places together, me, my son, another sisters son, her daughter, the sister and one other sister.
the skies were our roof. the stars and sparks of bullets and bombs were our night lamps. as we were laying there, we watched as the ac130 bombed the frontlines of the brothers not too far from us.

Children's eating in Baghouz camp

we could only imagine what kind of nightmare it was up there on the scene. we just watched as the flares of fire smashed the area and the sounds of crackling and BOOM continued. sleeping was not a regular thing because of these sounds. but at some point I guess it stopped because I had fallen asleep and then woken up for fajr.
my clothes were damp and the blankets ontop of us were wet and my son was sniffing and coughing.. I was confused, I didnt remember it raining. I sat up and made tayammum on the damp soil and prayed fajr sitting with my niqab on because we were literally outside surrounded by men and women and kids.

I finished praying and we realised that it was so cold in the night that we had frost ontop of ourselves which had turned into water and that's why everything was wet. as I sat up and spoke to the sisters, we had a whizz sound. it was a bullet.
and then another one. and another. and we had to duck and lie down on our mattress so that we dont get hit. but we were already outside and if they really wanted to they could have targeted us while lying down. but alhamdulillah Allah did not allow them. it was written for us to proceed to the rest of bghz

after time would pass, I got up to go to a house which some other sisters i knew were staying in and i went inside to find them. i told them that i slept outside last night and i started crying, simply because of all the stress and worry of where to sleep and what to eat.
i asked if it would be okay to stay with them in the house and alhamdulillah they allowed me.

I moved my mattress and blanket from outside and carried it to the house, almost tripping over the small ditches on the way. Alhamdulillah it was a blessing that many people didnt have, to be able to sleep in a house with a roof and walls.

although the house was packed with many sisters and children so it wasn't very clean because there was lined up potties near the hallway for kids and there was a small room in front of the house for the husbands and injured brothers,

I was so happy to not sleep outside. i felt like i had a place. when i slept outside i really felt helpless because I didnt have anything except the soil underneath me,
I didnt have a toilet to go to or a place to sit and I had to be wearing my niqab 24/7. and the next few days it rained,

I felt so bad for the sisters and brothers who didnt have a house to live in and were living outside and in trenches. everything got wet and everyone got even more sick than they already were.

Women and children gathered trying to get some food after America imposed a siege on Baghouz

I had a little handful of lentils but i didnt have any cooker or wood to make a wood fire to cook it and it was past maghrib, a sister who had some of her own fire wood and sticks had let me cook my food on her fire and I sat in front of the fire, shoving twigs in the low flame as I choked on the fumes and rubbed my eyes from the burning sensation.

i sat there for a while until the fire had finally burned well and the lentils had boiled. I fed my son and ate also and fell asleep after some time.

in the middle of the night I woke up feeling something wet on my arm.. half asleep I touched my arm and thought perhaps my son vomited.
I sat up and opened the blanket and saw that it was diarrhea that came out of his trousers, half on my arm and most of it on his back and legs. it had a strangest stench, not that of faeces but it smelled like sourness and sickness.

I picked him up and brought him to the area in the house where there was potties and I washed him down there and removed the jumper I had on my that had najasa also.
as I washed him he screamed and cried because of the cold water and the pain of his rashes and the pain of the cramps he had in his stomach. this was the case with all the children in baguz. because of all the diarrhea and lack of nutrition and lack of food, many children became severely

malnourished and many died. this was one fear that haunted me and every time I look at my son now today, and I see that his ribs are not protruding and his eyes are not sunken in and he is able to walk and speak whereas before he couldn't and he is able to smile whereas before he didnt have the strength or will to do so.. I thank Allah that He has restored his health to him and allowed him to stay alive and stay with me whereas many mothers had lost their children due to sickness and starvation. truly it is only Allah that gives life and causes death and provides for us our sustenance.

one day you may be starving but if it is in your rizq to have an abundance of food afterwards, you will reach it no matter how much anyone plots and wishes for you not to have it. the kuffar put us in a siege and cut off the roads to food and medication and nappies.

but Allah had written for us to remain and carry on to raise the banner of tawheed and today we eat and we drink and in fact they are the ones who have to let it reach the prisoners in the camps and prisons after they plotted and planned to take away our sustenance and kill us.

Allah is Al Qaadir and He is Al Qahhar, He is the One Who Decrees and you cannot escape Him and what He Decrees or miss it in the slightest bit. whatever is meant for you will reach you and just like how every bullet that whizzed past our shoulders and heads, whatever is not meant for you will never touch you.

I would go with a 25litre or 15litre bucket and fill it up at the local stream that turned on maybe once or twice a day and at the banks of the Euphrates River. It was hard because we were so weak and drained of energy and the distance between the river and the house was far. While we would carry the water buckets we would have to try to be as fast as we can before the kuffar would shoot mortars at our streets and we would have to dodge the sniper bullets along the way. Ontop of that we had to go back and forth refilling a couple of times to ensure we had enough water for wudu, istinja and cooking.

the water would spill out as I walked because my balance was not so good due to weakness and trying to cross the road fast before any hawins drop or snipers shoot.
after a few times i learned to have trust in Allah and walk steadily but still with somewhat of a fast pace while holding the bucket as steady as I could to avoid the water from spilling out. but in order to do this I had to stop every 3 or 4 steps and put the bucket down,
take deep breaths, and then try to carry on. I remember a time I had stopped and took a short break to breathe,
I looked up to see my water bucket being carried away and realised it was a brother.

I dont know who he is or what he looks like or what his name is but Allah knows him. may Allah reward him and give him ease in his matters just like he helped me.

The brother proceeded forward a bit and asked me while still looking forward and not looking back at me once, "ukhti where is your house" .. taken back by his help I responded "over there" and pointed to a house we could see a little bit ahead of us.

I didnt expect anyone to help because everyone individually was tired and malnourished or in a very weak state so many were doing whatever they could for themselves and could not always stretch their hands out for others also. but there were some few roses among the ghubaar,

who would still try to help their brothers n sisters despite whatever they went through. may Allah accept it from them and give them ease wherever they are.

the days were for searching for food through the burned tents and trenches abandoned by people because it became the next place after the frontlines, dodging the bullets by the streams and the rivers to carry back buckets of water for istinja
wudu and cooking.. and the nights were for holding onto your kids tight asking Allah for shahada and forgiveness,

making dhikr as the bombs poured like rain. the sounds of bullets flying and whizzing.. the cars and ammunition outside exploding due to the bombs..

the bombs which sent waves throughout the earth from the pressure and impact.. taking the lives of the muwahideen and their children and also piercing those who survive in the midst of it with sharp metals in their bodies,
some breaking their bones and some destroying their organs. one of those nights,

I was in a half lying position in a space only small enough to fit half my body because there was a sister in front of me who filled the other half of the space in the trench and I had my son on my side,
I adjusted my niqab frequently so that if I had to run it would be firm on my head.

as I fidgeted in my cramped position to avoid my legs going numb, I heard the airstrikes smashing the grounds above our heads. I heard the release of hawins, and waiting for the neeeeeeeeeew BOOOM.. thinking each one would land on us eventually.

then we heard the sounds of crackling and little explosions consecutively one after the other.
 the other sisters in the trench were saying a fire had broken out. usually this would happen when a car with ammunition and explosive belts would get bombed and the bullets when they exploded would make the crackling sounds. there was no point running,
 I thought. not now anyway. not until the fire has reached directly next to us even if it is only a street away slowly engulfing the rest of the tents.
 to get up in the midst of exploding bullets and airstrikes and hawins would not be running away from death, it would actually be leaping into a faster one wAllahu A3lam.

 by the time you raise your head over the trench a sniper wouldve shot your brains out. so we would just have to wait and see. if the coast is clear of flying bullets and bombs, and the fire became near then we would run. otherwise we just laid there squished asking Allah to forgive us for our sins and make it easy for us if we had to run from our spot.

 I would close my eyes every few minutes to seconds as the sounds got intense over the night,

and it was like this majority of the nights towards the end. average amount of sleep a person would get in those nights would be 3 hours to nothing while opening and closing your eyes checking your surroundings are not on fire every few minutes. the screams of people also kept me conscious.
and the laser lights flashed as the bombs dropped would shine ontop of us sometimes,

making my heart throb out of fear that perhaps the next one to fall will be ontop of us. one advantage to the bombs as crazy as it sounds, with the adrenaline and fear my brain couldn't focus on my hunger.

I remember a few days before this night, the first major fire from the bombs took place which burned a whole street of tents. It was maybe around Isha time or shortly after, we heard a lot of commotion and screaming. We went up to the roof and witnessed the entire street infront of the house we were staying in was in flames. The screams and cries pierced through our hearts while we helplessly watched. It would've been only a matter of minutes before the fire swallowed our street also.

People got burned and died in those fires, people's only bit of food they had to survive on got burned, their only shelter they had made out of straw mats and ditches were burned, their only few belongings they had got burned. Many brothers and sisters were trying to run away from the fires but also many couldn't because the fires were causing the bullets and weapons to explode everywhere so there was whizzing

A trench in Baghouz

bullets flying around. Some had to just lay flat in their trenches while the fires were spreading a few steps away from them.

I remember worrying and panicking saying what will we do, there's no where else to go! The fire is advancing and we only have the mountain and the river behind us! It was then a sister, may Allah reward her, gave me a stern reminder that made me think aright once again. She told me, "don't worry and stress because it will only make those around you stress and it will make it worse. Just make dua, make istighfar and have tawakkul in Allah He will help us."

I contemplated and realised this state was really upon the path of the Messengers. Musa AS and his people were faced with Firaun and the kuffar army coming after them while they were weak and oppressed and had no where else to go. The river was behind them and it seemed like a dead end to them. But Allah made what seemed impossible to them, possible and saved them from the plots and harm of the kuffar. So I renewed my intentions, made dua and istighfar with yaqeen that Allah will make a way out for us in ways we wouldn't imagine.

After this I kept quiet and followed her advice. Shortly after, we heard voices yelling. It got closer and closer. "Allahu Akbar, Allahu Akbar, Allahu Akbar.." we realised the brothers and sisters were outside were all making takbeeraat. It was such a beautiful moment. As soon as we heard them, we also began saying Allahu Akbar. And subhan Allah the fires stopped after a few minutes! It seemed like it would devour the entire street left of baghuz. But Allah Plans and He is The Best of Planners. Alhamdulillah.

In the last few days of baghuz, everyone was exhausted to say the least. I remember the days before the fires and fighting got extremely intense and we weren't able to walk around freely among the tents anymore because of how dangerous it was with airstrikes destroying and killing people left and right.

There was a night before the situation deteriorated to that extent, where it was actually for once peaceful. There wasn't non stop bombing where we couldn't even stand up to do anything or go toilet. So me and some sisters were sitting after we had eaten dinner together.

We would put forth whatever each sister had of food whether it was a handful of lentils, or handful of barley, handful of flour or a handful of chickpeas and we made a meal out of it together so there would be more barakah in our food and no one would eat less than another.

After we finished eating we sat and reminded each other about having patience and steadfastness on this path, we talked about The Promise of Allah for the believers and the victories.

We spoke about what we would love to do and eat :') in times of victory. And finally had a light warm laugh together after a while of stressful days and nights in fear and panic. We heard a sound which then became clearer to be a voice. Calling out several times.
The caller's voice became closer and closer and he said,

"يا ايها الناس !يا!"

Oh People!
He repeated as he walked by the tents and trenches. He said, glad tidings my brothers and sisters. I want to give you glad tidings of a dream that was seen recently by a brother that the Prophet صلى الله عليه و سلم told him, tell the people of baghuz that Allah has forgiven them (for their sins)!

The brother continued and advised everyone to be firm upon this path because it is the path of TRUTH and to have patience.

Also another time I remember it was after asr while I was walking through the streets in the road where people would be selling whatever food items they had. A brother stood in the middle of this market and yelled for everyone's attention and gave a wonderful reminder also to be patient with the trials and to be firm upon this path. He said:

"أثبتوا فانكم على الحق!"

"Be firm, for you are upon the truth!"

A trench in Baghouz

There was a day I recall a huge ghazwa (battle) took place, there was lots of wind from a sandstorm which is usually beneficial for the brothers against the enemy because it affects their planes and drones and helps the brothers move faster. That day, despite how weak and exhausted everyone was especially the mujahideen, despite some of those who were injured would limp when they walk or feel pain in their bodies from alot of running, the soldiers of Allah charged at the mountain like hawks at their .prey

They all went, making takbeer and calling each other to go forward, even sisters went forth to fight. They shot at the kuffar and brothers tried to even climb the entire mountain. They had to come back down to retreat in the end but just this battle scared the kuffar so much that they made sure to bring even more reinforcements and effort to kill us. They know this is a war that if it intensified for them they would run away in tears and their military nappies would leak.

Those who say we lost are a people who have no hope in the Hereafter. For them, their victory is limited to this worldly life. And indeed their victory is a perishing and fleeting one! And they only fool themselves and those who have sicknesses in their hearts like them. Indeed the Promise of Allah is true. These days are days of trial and purifying the ranks and surely soon the days will alternate.

Aal-e-Imran 3:140

إِن يَمْسَسْكُمْ قَرْحٌ فَقَدْ مَسَّ ٱلْقَوْمَ قَرْحٌ مِّثْلُهُۥ ۚ وَتِلْكَ ٱلْأَيَّامُ نُدَاوِلُهَا بَيْنَ ٱلنَّاسِ وَلِيَعْلَمَ ٱللَّهُ ٱلَّذِينَ ءَامَنُوا۟ وَيَتَّخِذَ مِنكُمْ شُهَدَآءَ ۗ وَٱللَّهُ لَا يُحِبُّ ٱلظَّٰلِمِينَ

"If a wound should touch you - there has already touched the [opposing] people a wound similar to it. And these days [of varying conditions] We alternate among the people so that Allah may make evident those who believe and [may] take to Himself from among you martyrs - and Allah does not like the wrongdoers -"

And let every person study well the meaning of victory not according to standards of the kuffar and munafiqeen but rather how Allah mentions victory!

A whole group of people who were brought to their death and burned because they remained firm upon this aqeedah, what did Allah say they achieved?! THE GREAT ATTAINMENT.

Al-Buruj 85:11

إِنَّ ٱلَّذِينَ ءَامَنُواْ وَعَمِلُواْ ٱلصَّٰلِحَٰتِ لَهُمْ جَنَّٰتٌ تَجْرِى مِن تَحْتِهَا ٱلْأَنْهَٰرُ ذَٰلِكَ ٱلْفَوْزُ ٱلْكَبِيرُ

Indeed, those who have believed and done righteous deeds will have gardens beneath which rivers flow. That is the great attainment.

After this night where the brother gave the reminder, the ceasefires would end even worse than the one before it. The bombing, and snipers were worse. Every night many were getting killed, injured and burned. Children were getting snipered, mothers would be laying dead infront of their children or vice versa. Brothers would be carrying their injured wives some of

whom became amputated in their legs, some sisters had paralyzed husbands. Those who were injured and no one was able to carry them out of the fires, would burn in the fires.

Al-Ahzab 33:11

هُنَالِكَ ٱبْتُلِىَ ٱلْمُؤْمِنُونَ وَزُلْزِلُواْ زِلْزَالًا شَدِيدًا

There the believers were tested and shaken with a severe shaking.

One of the last trenches I was in, it had rained heavily in the night and I remember I didn't have a blanket for me and my son.

I hugged him and hoped that my body warmth could keep us as warm as possible although his cheeks were freezing and so were my hands. We only had a straw mat above us so the rain was leaking and pouring on us. There was absolutely nothing I could do except cry my pain out to Allah as I held onto my son. May Allah humiliate the kuffar who collaborated against us and forced us out of our lands that were ruled by shariah.

I think it was the next night after this that there was constant non stop bombs and shooting right above our heads. We could hear the whizzing of the bullets and the sound of some of them penetrating the soil around our trench. We had to sit by the sides of the trench to avoid being directly under the straw mat above us in case bullets came through. And at fajr time,

we prayed one by one in a specific spot sitting. Once one sister finished praying she would return back to her spot at the wall of the trench and another sister would go in her place to pray.

After we made our athkar and sat waiting for the shooting and bombs to calm down, we would go in and out of sleep. Til it was bright outside the fighting had calmed down but the sniper bullets were constantly being shot every few minutes.

And we could hear the mortars exploding around us every few minutes. We knew we had to get out of this trench and try to move closer to the side of baghuz where the mountain was because the side we were in, the kuffar were very close to it and were advancing towards it very fast. So two sisters went out quickly to check our surroundings and see a different trench we could go into. While they left, the mortars started getting intense.

We were sitting, me and the sisters with our children in the trench. Making istigfar and dua for Allah to protect us. When we just heard a loud metal bang and all of a sudden the straw mat above us collapsed onto us and we were covered in dust. We realised a mortar had fallen on us but didn't explode.

However because our straw mat had collapsed, we became visible to the snipers and planes. A few minutes after we wiped the dust off ourselves and asked each other if we were okay, another explosion happened behind us sending a gush of wind and the pressure of the bomb to us.

We asked each other if we were all okay and everyone responded yes. Until I saw my son crying and when I would ask him he wouldn't respond except that his crying would be worse. It was then I realised his shirt was dripping and drenched with blood, I quickly lifted his top up and saw that a small piece of metal shrapnel had entered his body.

This frightened me immediately and I felt myself not able to control my breathing. It was my worst nightmare to see my son be injured. But I didn't know what to do. Was I supposed to wait until the bombs and sniper shootings stopped a bit and calmed down or was I supposed to just run through it all risking us getting injured even more.

I made the dua for istikhara on whether I should leave the trench yet or not. And a few moments later, BOOM. !

A huge explosion from a heavy airstrike occurred a few steps away from us infront of my eyes. That's when I told myself to just put my trust in Allah and go. The other sisters decided to stay longer and me and one sister ran out to another trench where I met the two sisters who initially left to find another .safer trench

We decided we would just try to run towards the mountain and reach the rest of the brothers and sisters who already made it there. We waited a few moments as the bombs were exploding and in one of the short time gaps between the bombs we ran out of the trench and proceeded towards the direction of the mountain. I .carried my son and kept making istighfar

I felt my arms becoming weak and my legs also, as I ran over limbs and bodies scattered on the way while ducking from the sniper .bullets that whizzed by us

In the end the safest place was by the mountain. And many of those who survived went there. And from there it was like a wall against the backs of the believers. There was no where else left to run to. After this, we surrendered which led to being in the prisons and camps. There was a final ceasefire and after this came the order for those remaining to leave baghuz. And those who could not make it to the mountain or refused to surrender, got shahada. May Allah accept them and reunite us with them in Jannah.

About 1,500 women and children were killed in the indiscriminate bombing of the Baghouz camp by America

Now here I would like to just make a matter clear. Yes we are grieved by how the kuffar starved and indiscriminately killed the brothers and sisters and children of our state and drove them out of their homes they lived in under shariah in the lands of the Islamic State, our family of tawheed how they were shred and exploded and burned to pieces and attacked for simply wanting the laws of Allah. The kuffar did not leave a single street except that they massacred the believers within it and .destroyed their belongings and the street itself

We are pained to see our brothers and sisters suffer to this day at the hands of the enemies and we are pained to hear of their countless injuries and traumas to this day. Baghuz is a topic which is similar to that of a wound that has not healed and for many of us it will never heal. It is a wound that reopens and oozes with pain. But I must make a mention that our tears over .it are tears of honor

Baghuz was the beacon of light that shun bright and enlightened the world. It exposed not just the hypocrites within our state but rather all over the globe. Within it was displayed the steadfastness and unshakeable courage and strong belief of the muwahideen of the Islamic State. From the young little children to the women and to the men. Our children faced traumas that would put grown adults in mental asylums and countless sessions of therapy while they came out of them with will like steel and strong faith in Allah. They came out of those traumatic situations as lions and lionesses ready to defend the deen because they learned and witnessed first hand what it meant to have Al Wala and Bara and patience upon the .difficulties of this path

There was injured brothers, some of them who had amputated limbs who despite their difficulties they stayed firm in the face of their adversities and sought the rewards of the Hereafter although they knew there was an easy way out of these hardships.

The mujahideen in general were all exhausted but they continued to strive despite the fatigue and they bore the griefs of the ummah upon their shoulders like honorable lions. And we cannot forget to mention the firmness and resilience of our dear and chaste sisters who took up responsibilities and had patience with matters many women of today would run away . !from and drop within seconds

Their concern was how they should defend the Islamic State and support it with all that they have, how to raise their children to be soldiers working for Allah, how to be dutiful and support their mujahideen husbands and how to keep firm upon the path of truth

By Allah, I have seen such amazing actions by amazing people in the land of jihad especially and mostly in the land of baghuz under the most hardest of circumstances. Little children being patient with huge injuries and other children being patient with seeing their own mothers be extremely injured infront of them and they would help them and take care of them or be patient with their parents and entire family being killed, maturing within a short time and taking up roles no child would ever have thought they would have to take at their young ages.

Brothers and sisters witnessing their children starve and the bones protrude from their frail bodies, sisters watched their children take their last breaths die from bombs, bullets, hunger and sicknesses but they still continued on this path sacrificing no matter how many loved ones they lost. Brothers and sisters witnessing their spouses and children get injured, paralyzed,

amputated and killed in front of their eyes. Our brothers and sisters were steadfast upon their deen in the meeting of the enemy and many were killed refusing to surrender including a sister who at the meeting of the enemy even though she had just witnessed her child get killed in front of her, even though she had gotten shot in her eye which was dripping blood and even though she felt dizziness and weak,
she refused to surrender and fought til she finished every bullet in the magasin she had on her gun.

They didn't let the kuffar take a step over the land of Islam except after terrifying them and except after they gave all that they had and their lives to defend the blessed soil that was ruled by Allah's Laws. They refused to give it up and if the kuffar were to tread upon it, it would be over their blessed corpses! May Allah accept them and grant them Jannatul Firdaws.

And may Allah reunite us with them there. Truly an honorable end for honorable men and women. A true blessing from Allah to stay steadfast while defending this deen.

Somebody once asked me:

"Ukhti why did u all have to come out of bghz to alhoul camp, and why do u regret it? What actually happened...?"

To summarize, we left our homes and wealth in Europe to come to the blessed lands where the blessed events take place to support this blessed deen.

In the beginning when we first came there was victory, so much victory that it was shocking. We had the idea of living in ditches and caves, with a lack of supplies and poor living. But when we came, it was the opposite. It was luxury. That's why we used to call it 5 star jihad.

There was so much war booty and so many beautiful mansions, almost everything was paid for by our state and given for free. And ontop of that we would get monthly allowances to spend on whatever else we wanted. After that stage of victory, there came the tests which crumbled all the luxury into rubble. The truthful ones were made evident and the liars were exposed.

The sacrifices were put forth and the traitors ran away. The benefits were gone and the hardships were increasing day by day as the world gathered around us like animals around meat. So we went from mansions and 24/7 electricity to village houses and candles. Our situation changed completely, but in stages as time went by and we retreated from every place, each time it would get a bit more difficult than the last place. Until we reached the final stage,

until we saw the final breaths the beloved soil that was ruled by shar3 Allah took, when pangs of hunger struck us and the fear reached our throats, when the trenches which were used as shelters became graves for those who resided in it..

So it became difficult for everyone to stay in this place. It was the last land we had and we were pushed to the edge. People and children were dying everyday and all we could see is the mountains in front of us, the river to the side and behind us the enemy advancing.

So there was an agreement between the enemy and the brothers that they would allow the women and children and injured to surrender to them and grant them safety in the camps but of course it was just another way of saying surrender to prison. So many exited out of the land because it was getting tighter and tighter with lack of food and water and fires almost everyday burning people and everything around you. And towards the very end, there was a final order to leave for the men and women and children.

So you ask, why do we regret? Now how do I explain this. We regret it because we realise now that being crushed and split into a million pieces for the sake of this deen is better than living a life of humiliation and seeing the end of our beloved state and the enemies being proud. We regret it because now we realise every second we spent their under the rockets and missiles, the b ullets and every blow,

every bang, it was the most valuable time of our lives. Because despite the world plotting against us, we were honored because of this deen. We regret because we wish we gave more and attained the ultimate victory, shahada, like our companions did.

But our griefs and sorrows will not break or even weaken our determination to strive for the victory of this religion and this ummah.

Our beloved, precious, oppressed and betrayed ummah. The ummah that is betrayed by thousands who claim to be from her yet do nothing to support her. If the lands would tighten upon her and she would find no refuge from them, then we will bear her upon our shoulders by the Permission of Allah. We will wipe her tears, wrap her wounds and bring back her honor by The Will of Allah.

Our corpses and skulls will make a bridge for this ummah to get to the brighter side, to return to the days of might and strength. Our dawla has not ended and the enemies of Allah know this themselves. Our aqeeda has not ceased to remain in the pumping hearts of the muwahideen.

We will remain taking revenge for our state and the muslimeen everywhere and we will remain making the lives of the kuffar a nightmare. We will remain supporting our brothers from the mujahideen. We will remain fighting and going to lengths to implement the Laws of Allah upon the earth.

We will remain sacrificing and putting forth all that which is valuable and our souls, cheaply for Allah's Sake. We will remain patient upon this path because it is the path of TRUTH. We will remain raising the flag of tawheed despite the rage of the enemies of Allah and the hypocrites.

We will remain spreading the true Islam, the Islam of the anbiya, the millah of the khalil of Allah ibrahim may peace be upon him, the manhaj of the seal of the prophets, the prophet of war and the prophet of mercy, Muhammad, may peace and blessings be upon him.

We will remain raising our sons and daughters and embedding this creed in their hearts and they will continue to carry the call of truth throughout the generations by the Permission of Allah. We will remain supporting our Islamic state, because it is remaining bi ithnillah like our former ameer ul mumineen Abu Bakr al Baghdādi (تقبله الله) said:

باقية ما دام فينا عرق ينبض او عين تطرف.

It is remaining as long as sweat drips from us or an eye within us twitches.

Likewise the words of Abū ‘Umar al-Baghdādī (rahimahullāh):

And indeed the Islamic State will remain. It will remain because it was built upon the corpses of martyrs and it quenched its thirst with their blood, and by such the market for Jannah was convened. It will remain because the success granted by Allah in this jihād is more obvious than the sun in the center of the sky.

It will remain because it did not become contaminated by a prohibited income or distorted methodology. It will remain by the truthfulness of the leaders who sacrifced their blood and the truthfulness of the soldiers who established it with their forearms. We consider them as such and Allah is their ultmate judge. It will remain because it is the union of the mujāhidīn and the haven for the oppressed people. It will remain because Islam has begun to ascend and tower, the cloud has begun to scater, and kufr has begun to be routed and exposed. It will remain because it is the supplicaton of the oppressed, the tear of the bereaved, the scream of the prisoners, and the hope of the orphans.

It will remain because kufr in all its religions and sects gathered against us, and every treacherous person of desire and innovaton began to slander and vilify us, so we became certain of the truthfulness of the goal and correctness of the path. It will remain because we are upon certainty that Allah will not break the hearts of the oppressed muwahhidīn and that He will not let the oppressive people gloat over us. It will remain because Allah Ta’ālā promised in His precise revelaton and said,

{Allah has promised those who have believed among you and done righteous deeds that He will sure-ly grant them succession [to authority] upon the earth just as He granted it to those before them and that He will surely establish for them [there-in] their religion which He has preferred for them and that He will surely substitute for them, after their fear, security} [An-Nūr: 55].

{And Allah is predominant over His affair, but most of the people do not know} [Yūsuf: 21].”

The days in which there is hardship and struggle, pain and tears, hunger and fear, weakness and loss, agony and grief are days that are passing. Soon by the Permission of Allah will come the days in which tears of happiness will flow and the believers will rejoice, making takbeerat echoing in every land. The disbelievers will bite their fingers in regret and shriek in panic. Just like they did the last time.

Al-Anfal 8:36

إِنَّ ٱلَّذِينَ كَفَرُواْ يُنفِقُونَ أَمۡوَٰلَهُمۡ لِيَصُدُّواْ عَن سَبِيلِ ٱللَّهِۚ فَسَيُنفِقُونَهَا ثُمَّ تَكُونُ عَلَيۡهِمۡ حَسۡرَةٗ ثُمَّ يُغۡلَبُونَۗ وَٱلَّذِينَ كَفَرُوٓاْ إِلَىٰ جَهَنَّمَ يُحۡشَرُونَ

"Indeed, those who disbelieve spend their wealth to avert [people] from the way of Allah . So they will spend it; then it will be for them a [source of] regret; then they will be overcome. And those who have disbelieved - unto Hell they will be gathered."

فإن الايام دول والحرب سجال

For the days are alternating and the war is struggle. So bear patience in these fleeting days and prepare your imaan for the times to come.

Al-A'raf 7:128

قَالَ مُوسَىٰ لِقَوۡمِهِ ٱسۡتَعِينُواْ بِٱللَّهِ وَٱصۡبِرُوٓاْۖ إِنَّ ٱلۡأَرۡضَ لِلَّهِ يُورِثُهَا مَن يَشَآءُ مِنۡ عِبَادِهِۦۖ وَٱلۡعَٰقِبَةُ لِلۡمُتَّقِينَ

Said Moses to his people, "Seek help through Allah and be patient. Indeed, the earth belongs to Allah . He causes to inherit it whom He wills of His servants. And the [best] outcome is for the righteous."

Soon my brothers and sisters, our chests will be cured and our eyes will be cooled by the presence of the Khilafah and several other victories of the mujahideen. It is Allah's Promise to us.

An-Nur 24:55

وَعَدَ ٱللَّهُ ٱلَّذِينَ ءَامَنُواْ مِنكُمْ وَعَمِلُواْ ٱلصَّٰلِحَٰتِ لَيَسْتَخْلِفَنَّهُمْ فِى ٱلْأَرْضِ كَمَا ٱسْتَخْلَفَ ٱلَّذِينَ مِن قَبْلِهِمْ وَلَيُمَكِّنَنَّ لَهُمْ دِينَهُمُ ٱلَّذِى ٱرْتَضَىٰ لَهُمْ وَلَيُبَدِّلَنَّهُم مِّنۢ بَعْدِ خَوْفِهِمْ أَمْنًا ۚ يَعْبُدُونَنِى لَا يُشْرِكُونَ بِى شَيْـًٔا ۚ وَمَن كَفَرَ بَعْدَ ذَٰلِكَ فَأُوْلَٰٓئِكَ هُمُ ٱلْفَٰسِقُونَ

"Allah has promised those who have believed among you and done righteous deeds that He will surely grant them succession [to authority] upon the earth just as He granted it to those before them and that He will surely establish for them [therein] their religion which He has preferred for them and that He will surely substitute for them, after their fear, security, [for] they worship Me, not associating anything with Me. But whoever disbelieves after that - then those are the defiantly disobedient."

عَنْ عُمَيْرَ بْنَ هَانِئٍ، حَدَّثَهُ قَالَ سَمِعْتُ مُعَاوِيَةَ، عَلَى الْمِنْبَرِ يَقُولُ سَمِعْتُ رَسُولَ اللَّهِ صلى الله عليه وسلم يَقُولُ " لاَ تَزَالُ طَائِفَةٌ مِنْ أُمَّتِي قَائِمَةً بِأَمْرِ اللَّهِ لاَ يَضُرُّهُمْ مَنْ خَذَلَهُمْ أَوْ خَالَفَهُمْ حَتَّى يَأْتِيَ أَمْرُ اللَّهِ وَهُمْ ظَاهِرُونَ عَلَى النَّاسِ "

{صحيح مسلم}

It his been narrated on the authority of Umair b. Umm Hani who said:

I heard Mu'awiya say (while delivering a sermon from the pulpit) that he heard the Messenger of Allah (ﷺ) say: A group of people from my Ummah will continue to obey Allah's Command, and those who desert or oppose them shall not be able to do them any harm. They will be dominating the peeple until Allah's Command is executed (i. e. Resurrection is established).

{Saheeh Muslim}

As-Saf 61:13

وَأُخْرَىٰ تُحِبُّونَهَا ۖ نَصْرٌ مِّنَ ٱللَّهِ وَفَتْحٌ قَرِيبٌ ۗ وَبَشِّرِ ٱلْمُؤْمِنِينَ

"And [you will obtain] another [favor] that you love - victory from Allah and an imminent conquest; and give good tidings to the believers."

At-Taubah 9:14

قَٰتِلُوهُمْ يُعَذِّبْهُمُ ٱللَّهُ بِأَيْدِيكُمْ وَيُخْزِهِمْ وَيَنصُرْكُمْ عَلَيْهِمْ وَيَشْفِ صُدُورَ قَوْمٍ مُّؤْمِنِينَ

"Fight them; Allah will punish them by your hands and will disgrace them and give you victory over them and satisfy the breasts of a believing people"

Be firm upon what you have resolved upon and rejoice for it is a great matter.

Aal-e-Imran 3:139

وَلَا تَهِنُوا۟ وَلَا تَحْزَنُوا۟ وَأَنتُمُ ٱلْأَعْلَوْنَ إِن كُنتُم مُّؤْمِنِينَ

"So do not weaken and do not grieve, and you will be superior if you are [true] believers."

At-Taubah 9:111

وَمَنْ أَوْفَىٰ بِعَهْدِهِۦ مِنَ ٱللَّهِ ۚ فَٱسْتَبْشِرُوا۟ بِبَيْعِكُمُ ٱلَّذِى بَايَعْتُم بِهِۦ ۚ وَذَٰلِكَ هُوَ ٱلْفَوْزُ ٱلْعَظِيمُ

And who is truer to his covenant than Allah ? So rejoice in your transaction which you have contracted. And it is that which is the great attainment.

We ask Allah to use us for this deen and to not replace us, to forgive us for our shortcomings and to increase our determination. We ask Allah to give us strength in the lands like we had before and even better so we can strive to make the Word of Allah The Highest therein. And most importantly, we ask Allah to give us the opportunity to be slain for His Sake while defending this deen.